This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL
ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

From the collection
of the
UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FANNIE.

WILLIE'S VOYAGE TO INDIA:

A

TRUE STORY

FOR

FANNIE AND HER LITTLE FRIENDS.

BY MRS. MARY S. GERRY.

ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON:
JAMES M. USHER, 37 CORNHILL.
1857.

PS
1739
.G4
W7

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
JAMES M. USHER,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

2596
34

FONDLY DEDICATED

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LOVING FATHER,

TO

Gratify whose earnest wishes, this Volume, at first written solely for the amusement of "the little one at home," is given to others.

To him, whose living presence will no more gladden the hearts his coming ever filled with joy;—whose life's voyage ended, has reached that home, where

> "The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,
> No more disturbs his deep repose,
> Than summer evening's latest sigh
> That shuts the rose."

Whose life will be ever thought of by those who knew him, as an example of all that was manly, good and true:

> "Who feels how precious is the gift,
> He to his loved ones gave,—
> The stainless memory of the just,
> The wealth beyond the grave."

WILLIE'S VOYAGE TO INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

It was a very cold clear morning, in the month of November, and the bright sun was not yet high enough in the sky to warm the frosty air with its glorious beams, when a little boy, who had been standing at the window, with his hat and nice warm coat on, exclaimed, with a glad voice, "Here comes the carriage, father!"

But a little girl, rather larger than the boy, when she heard him say this, only clung the closer to her mother, and sobbed, "Oh! you don't know how sorrowful it is!"

The mother, like the boy, was dressed for an early drive in the cold morning air, and

she *did know how* sad it was for her little girl to see her father, mother, and brother Willie get into the carriage, and drive away and leave her at home; for they were going to ride to the city of Boston, and then sail away in a large ship, of which her father was the captain, for India, and many months must pass before they would be at home again. The little girl's name was Fannie, and there were many reasons why her parents thought it best to take only one of their little children with them; and as she would stay during their absence, with the kindest and best grandparents, they hoped she would be happy, though separated from them. And so with many prayers to God to bless her, they bid her good-bye; and before the carriage drove off, had the happiness of seeing the dear little girl smiling through her tears — at the thought of the happy time when they should come back, and the many curious things they would have to tell her about.

Willie loved his sister dearly, and wished much that she was going in the ship with them, and felt very sorry to leave her; but as he was only a little boy, you must not wonder that he seemed so glad to go — even when his sister felt so badly.

I have told you before, that the morning was very cold; and little Willie was soon glad to leave the seat he had chosen, by the side of the driver, where he could see how fast the horse trotted off, and seat himself upon his father's knees, and hide his feet under his mother's warm shawl. But when at length they reached the city, and saw so many ships by the side of the wharves, he forgot all about his cold feet and hands, in his eagerness to spy out the ship they were to sail in. His father pointed out to him one at anchor in the harbor, and a few minutes after, they stopped at a wharf, where a boat was waiting to take them off to the ship. There were some

friends of his father's there, who had come to say good-bye to them; and after a few minutes talk with these gentlemen, and receiving kind wishes and farewells, they took their places in the boat, and were soon on board the ship.

It made Willie laugh very much, to hear the droll songs that the sailors sung, as they hoisted up the anchor, and got the ship ready to sail. And when this was done, and the ship began to move so swiftly over the waves, he thought it very nice, and said to his father, "Now don't the sails look proud, as the wind makes them fill out so?"

He watched a long time to see the little town where their home was, and where, no doubt, Fannie and her grandpapa were spying to see the ship as she passed out of the Bay; though they knew she would not come very near to them. But before night came on, Willie could not see the land at all—

nothing but the blue sky and dark water;—and as soon as he had had his supper, he was very glad to be undressed and laid in his snug warm berth; and as the ship rolled to and fro, he said, "Why, it seems like a great cradle." So, after he had said his prayers, his mother sung him a song beginning with—

> "Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
> I lay me down in peace to sleep."

And before she had finished the song, he was sound asleep, rocked in a larger cradle indeed, than either his mother or he had ever been in before.

The next morning, the wind blowed a great deal harder than it had done the day before, and made the ship roll, first one side, and then the other, so that poor Willie had many a tumble; but he did not mind them much, and would jump up again, and say,—"Never mind, old ship, you wont knock me round

so, much longer, for I am going to be a real sailor boy."

He was quite surprised to find that there were pigs, and sheep, and hens, on board the ship; and his father told him that these would be killed and cooked for food, by-and-bye. But Willie begged so hard that one glossy black and yellow rooster might not be killed, that his father said he should have it for his own, and gave orders to the cook not to kill it. So every morning, Willie would get some food in a little tin can, and Bantem, as he called his little pet, soon became very tame, and would run to Willie, when he called him, and feed from his hand and follow him about the deck like a little dog. Then, too, he made great friends with the sheep, and had some very funny times with them; and as they were often let out from their pens to run about the decks for a while, they became very tame. And one that was quite large and very

gentle, Willie called his horse — for the sheep would let him get upon his back, and trot off a few steps with him. But Willie had better fun when he put a piece of line round him and fixed it for reins, and then the old horsey would walk along the decks just as Willie guided him, like any old nag. And sometimes he would coax his mother to let him put some corn into her apron, when she was seated at the cabin-door, and he would bring the sheep up to feed from her lap. Then, he would have quite as much as he could attend to, for they would push each other very rudely, and knock each other's noses aside, in their hurry to get at the corn, without any regard to the polite manners that Willie tried to teach them.

It was not many days, before Willie was glad to have his mother put his thinnest clothes on him; for as the ship sailed southward, the air became warmer and warmer every day. And

one beautiful evening, when they had been at sea about four weeks, his father said,—"Well, Willie, we crossed the line to-day." "What line, Father?" said Willie; "I did not see any!" So his father explained to him—what the children who have studied geography have learned—about the equator, or the imaginary line drawn round the earth. And after his father had done talking with him, Willie took the ball that his father had been using to represent the earth, when he was explaining what he meant by crossing the line, and began to roll it about on the deck. By-and-bye it rolled up by the forecastle, where the sailors live on board the ship, and Willie ran there after it; but if he ran there fast, he came running back faster, to where his father and mother were walking at the other end of the ship, with his eyes wide open, and his mouth too, so frightened was he. The loud laughing at the forecastle let his father know what

was the matter, long before Willie reached him, and he called out,—"Don't run from Old Neptune, Willie—don't be frightened, my boy!" And when Willie saw that his father and mother were both laughing, and heard the loud peals from the forecastle, he stopped and looked back at the object that had alarmed him so much. And it certainly was ugly enough to startle a larger boy than little Willie, for there stood, at the forecastle door, the queerest looking image! Its face was light green, with great round eyes, and the oddest looking nose—and such a wide mouth! And it had very light hair flying about the top of its head, and hanging from its chin almost down to its waist! And in on hand it held a tin cup, and a paint-brush in the other. And as Willie went slowly back, still half afraid, it said, in such a gruff voice that it made him jump,—"Are you the boy that wants to be shaved?" And poor Willie went

flying back to his father to find out what this all meant. And when he found out that it was only Duffy, a droll sailor, who had said many funny things to him before, he laughed as merrily as the sailors did. "But what did he dress up this way for, father? and why did he ask me if he should shave me?" said he. "Why," answered his father, "some years ago the old sailors used to have quite rough play with those who had never crossed the equator before. One of them used to dress up and call himself Neptune, and pretend that he came up from the sea, and that he must shave them, in order to make real sailors of them; and for this purpose he used to have a bucket of tar, and an iron hoop for a razor, and the poor fellows who were sailing south, for the first time, had to take pretty hard play, sometimes. But as it was all done in fun, they did not dare get angry, if they were treated ever so badly. But mother will

give you something to carry to Duffy, and you may tell him that you will pay him a fee, if he will let you off." So Willie went forward again, with something that Duffy liked very much, and he promised to excuse Willie from his share in the fun. But there was one sailor boy, a great deal larger than Willie, who had never been to sea before, that was so frightened that he hid himself away all night, for fear that Duffy would catch and shave him.

It was very warm, beautiful weather where the ship was now; but the sails did not look so *proud*, as Willie said they did, when they first came out from Boston. For some days there would be hardly any wind at all, and the ship would sail only a few miles in the whole day; but Willie and his mother enjoyed it very much still, for they could see the fish swimming around the ship, very plainly; and several times the sailors caught some very

nice fish, called Bonita, and one fish that was very beautiful — a Dolphin — and after the hook was taken from its mouth and it was placed upon a board for Willie and his mother to look at, it changed from one beautiful color to another very rapidly, until it was quite dead.

But this still weather did not last many days, and when the wind began to fill out the sails again, the good ship seemed as glad as Willie was — so quickly did she sail away over the water. And as she sailed on into cooler weather again, they would sometimes see a great many porpoises (a very large kind of fish) jumping up and diving down again, and seeming to have right nice fun in the sparkling waves. One day when Willie was looking over the side of the ship with his mother, they saw two very large porpoises close by the ship, and they swam along together, side by side, for many miles, and when one jumped

up the other would do just the same, like two old cronies who think it no fun unless shared together.

Then, too, they saw a great many flying fish, that looked so bright and shiny, as they flew up from the water; and after skimming along for a little distance, would plunge down out of sight. One evening, as Willie was sitting in the cabin, looking at his picture-books, and the ship was sailing along very fast, he heard a sudden fall upon the deck, and then such a flapping about! He ran to the door, and found one of these pretty flying-fish, who had taken a fancy, I think, to see what the lights in the cabin were made of—and was punished for his daring, poor thing! by finding himself bruised, and with one of his wings broken, upon the deck of the ship. After he was quite dead, Willie's father cut off the wings, and Willie pressed them under a smooth piece of board, to show to Fannie, when he

reached home again — for he often talked about her, and wished that she was with them to see all these new and curious sights; — for Willie was very happy at sea. The sailors were very kind to him, and very often made him playthings, — such as nice little boats to sail in a large tub of water there was on deck; and then they made him wind-mills, and many other things of wood, that amused him very much; and he was always willing to do anything for the sailors that he could. When any were sick, or had cut their hands, he would carry them the clean soft rags and bandages, that his mother had already for such accidents; and he was so ready to take them any medicine, or any thing that his father wished to send them, when they were ill, that he used to call him his surgeon's assistant.

CHAPTER II.

One morning, just at daylight, the mate came into the cabin and told Willie's father that they were coming near a whale ship, so they got out of their berths and went on deck and saw this ship, with such a bright blaze on her deck, that his mother thought it must be on fire; but they soon came closer, and then they saw very plainly the try-works on the deck of the ship. She was not sailing very fast, and the men were all busy in cutting up the whale that they had caught, and putting it in the great kettle over the fire, to try out the oil from it. They did not go near enough for the captain to ask her name, and before breakfast time the ship had left the whaler far behind them.

And now the ship was coming near the Cape of Good Hope, and very large birds, named albatross, would come flying round the ship. They were very large indeed! and when their wings were spread out, they would look twice as long as a man's arms stretched out wide. These birds would sometimes fly directly over the ship, so close that it seemed as if one could almost touch them; and then again they would skim along the water, just touching the tips of their wings, and sometimes they would sit down on the tops of the high waves, and look as comfortable as if they were seated on a nice cushion.

Willie liked much to watch the pretty little birds, called Mother Carey's chickens, that came flying about in such numbers. These cunning little things would look as if they were dancing so lightly on the top of the water. Then, too, there was another kind of bird, called a Cape pigeon, that was very

tame and very pretty. Sometimes Willie would toss a few crumbs over the side of the ship, and these pretty pigeons would come close and pick every one up before it had time to sink down in the water. Willie had watched, one day, a bird almost black, and about as large as the pigeon, that had followed the ship as she had sailed along, since early in the morning; and when it came evening, the poor bird looked so wearied that his father told him he thought it would alight on one of the yards. And as it grew darker, they could see the poor tired bird hovering over their heads, as if uncertain just where to choose a place to rest. But by-and-bye it made its choice; and when it seemed sound asleep, one of the sailors crept up softly and put his hand on it, and held it fast, before the bird knew anything about it. It was brought into the cabin, and Willie was delighted to see its bright sparkling eyes and its glossy

dark feathers; but the poor bird struggled so hard to get free, and seemed so frightened, that they let him fly away again, and I am afraid, tired as he was, he thought he would rather fly on, than rest on that ship again.

It was now cold enough again, and the winds would sometimes blow quite hard! and many a time, as Willie would run up and down the deck to keep himself warm, the waves would come dashing over the side of the ship, and give him a nice cold shower-bath; but he found that the sailors did not seem to mind a *wet jacket*, and he thought he would be as brave as they — so he would only laugh and run on again.

"Well, Willie," said his father one day, "now we are sailing in the Indian Ocean; and in a short time we shall steer to the northward again, and then we shall soon be in the Bay of Bengal."

Willie liked very much to see just how far

the ship sailed every day, when his father marked off her track upon the chart, or large map — and in this way he saw how the continent of Africa was situated, and how the ship must sail down round the Cape of Good Hope, before they could steer to the north, in order to reach Calcutta, in Asia. If you look on your map in your geography, you can see, as Willie did, how a ship must go from Boston to get to Calcutta.

One day, just at dinner time, a sailor who was high up on the mast, called, "Sail oh!" and when Willie's father came on deck, with his spy-glass, he could see a vessel a great distance ahead of them. "Oh! shant we race her?" "I do not know," said his father; "but I think we may come up to her before many hours." Willie looked out for the vessel, every now and then, during the afternoon, and at last he could see a little speck upon the water, where his father pointed; and when he

looked through the spy-glass, he could see the masts of a vessel quite plainly. But when it was time for him to go to bed, she did not seem to be much nearer to him. The next morning, however, he found that they were a great deal nearer, and every hour brought the two vessels closer together; and at last to Willie's great delight, he heard his father give orders to have the flag hoisted up to the peak, in order that he could find out to what country the bark belonged by her flag. Very soon after the flag on board the ship was run up; they saw the American flags flying on board the bark, and soon they drew near enough for Willie's father to ask through his speaking trumpet what the name of the bark was. It was the "St. Louis," Capt. Swasey, from Liverpool for Australia; then Capt. Swasey asked the name of the ship, and where she was from, and where she was going to, and after a few more words exchanged between the captains,

the flags on board each vessel were run up and down three times, and the ship sailed slowly away from the bark, and the next morning the bark could not be seen anywhere, even with the spy-glass.

It was not pleasant weather every day at sea, of course, any more than it is on shore; and some days, when it rained very hard, Willie was glad to sit by his mother in the cabin, and hear the stories she had repeated so many times to him at home when his sister was seated at her other side, and as both Fannie and Willie liked to hear these stories so well, perhaps some day I may tell them to you. Then, too, he had his lessons to learn every day, and his copy to write on his slate; and when he gave his attention to these he would learn his lesson quickly, and write his copy well; but sometimes he thought more of his play, I am sorry to say, than his book.

CHAPTER III.

Although Willie had been at sea for so long a time, he still found something almost every day to amuse him on board the ship; but I do not think of anything that would be very interesting to tell you about, until the ship had been sailing north for some time, and had crossed the equator again. They had come up with another bark, and for three or four days had been sailing in company with her, and they knew by her flag that this was a Hamburg bark.

Willie's father could not speak the language of the people in this vessel, and they probably would not be able to understand English; so the conversation between them was carried on

by means of small flags of different colors, which are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., and almost all vessels carry these flags, and there are books printed in almost all the languages in common use, with questions and answers all numbered alike in every language, so that when these little flags are hoisted up, one above the other, and their colors spied out by other ships, it is very easy by looking at the books to find out the question asked, or the answer given, by the numbers that the colors of these flags showed. Well, Willie had spied the bark again and again, and had nice fun in pulling up the numbered flags, after the mate had arranged them on the little line, that was kept for that purpose, at the after-part of the ship. They were not heavy to pull up, and Willie's arms had grown so strong, since he had been at sea, that he could pull quite bravely, and the officers were very kind in letting him do little things that they thought would please

him. But this day, heavy, dark clouds would rise every few hours, and the wind would blow furiously, while these clouds were hurrying over the sky; and the ship would seem almost to fly before the wind, while these squalls, as sailors call these unsteady winds, lasted; and sometimes the wind would blow on one side of the ship, and in a short time change, and blow on the other, and the sailors had to work very fast to take in the sails, or change them as they were ordered by the captain or officers. When the wind did not blow very hard, and Willie was on deck, he could see that the sailors on board the bark, had about the same work to do as the men on board the ship he was in, and that she still sailed along with them about a mile apart. All the early part of the afternoon it was raining very fast indeed, and the wind blowing as hard as it had done any part of the day: but by four o'clock it stopped, and although the clouds did not clear off, yet it

looked quite calm and still, and Willie's father came down from the deck to put some dry clothes on; but he had not been in the cabin ten minutes before the mate came in and said, "Captain, it seems to me there is an ugly-looking squall coming up from the southward," and the captain was on deck again in a second. Willie and his mother followed him as far as the cabin door; but as the stern of the ship was to the southward, they could not see any darker clouds than they had seen all the afternoon. But yet they knew from the quick short tone in which the order to take in one sail after another was given, that the captain thought it was going to blow hard, and the sailors ran very fast to do as he told them. In a very few minutes the wind came blowing even harder than it had done before; and the ship, although her mast and yards looked almost bare of sails, flew on faster than ever. As they were standing at the cabin door, Wil-

lie and his mother heard the captain say in a quick tone to the mate, who was on the main deck, "Look this way, Mr. R——, do you see that?" and as all the sailors looked in the direction his father pointed, and then ran faster than ever to obey the rapid order that was given, they wondering what the matter could be, ventured out on deck to see if they could find out. When his father saw them he beckoned to them to come up where he was, and holding fast to his mother's hand, Willie climbed up to the quarter deck, and there they saw quick enough what it was that made his father look so anxious. There was a vast column or pillar of water from the clouds to the sea, whirling round and round, and every instant whirling nearer and nearer to the ship. It was what is called a water-spout, and where it touched the ocean it caused the waves to foam up like an immense pool of snow-white froth. The captain was too busy to have anything just

THE WATER-SPOUTS. [Page 31.

then to say to them, for his attention was directed to the steering of the ship, so as to get out of the track of the water-spout; but on it came, nearer and nearer, until it seemed but one minute more, and it must burst upon the ship, and flood everything with water, — for that is the danger from these water-spouts. In a minute or two Willie's father turned to them and said, "I think you had better go below as quick as you can," and they were just hastening down, when they heard the glad cry from one and all, "It's passing," and they stopped to look. Close by the ship, so close that it seemed as if one could have almost tossed anything into its mighty column, the water-spout was whirling on; the captain had called for a gun, and after it had fairly passed the stern of the ship he fired at it, in the hope of breaking it by the concussion in the air. You must ask some one who understands what this means to tell you; for I suppose the little

girls and boys who read this story will wonder how a noise only, as they will think, could knock down a large column of water like the one I have told them of; and it did not do it this time — for on went the water-spout, as if the ship having escaped, it would try what it could do to the bark; and as they looked towards her they saw another spout coming, as if to meet the one that had just gone on. It was then a very grand sight. The two crossed each other between the bark and the ship, but not near enough to touch each other, and they did not go so near the bark as the first one did to the ship. The second passed about half a mile from them, and then came foaming over and tumbling down to the water. The clouds soon after began to break away, and the wind became more steady, and the next morning was bright and beautiful, and the bark not in sight.

CHAPTER IV.

And now they were sailing in the Bay of Bengal. The decks and many parts of the ship had been painted; and the brass work polished brighter and brighter every day, and Willie, and his mother, too, watched the chart very earnestly each day, to see how much nearer they were to the Sand Heads, where the River Hoogly empties into the Bay of Bengal, and there they would be able to get a pilot to take charge of the ship up the river to Calcutta. And when they had been at sea one hundred and six days, his father said, "Now we must look out for the light-ship," and many of the sailors were up on the masts all night looking out for a light in the di-

rection that the captain told them to look; and about four o'clock one sung out "Light oh!" and when morning came, the captain could spy the light-ship, which is always stationed there, as a guide for ships coming in from sea. So the ship was steered in the direction of the light-ship, and Willie was much surprised to see the water, that had looked so blue the night before, now look of a dirty white mud color. But his father told him the reason, that now, the long line with the great piece of lead tied to it, that he was asking about the evening before, and he told him, was to see how deep the water was, could touch the soft, mud-colored sand, and that gave the water the queer look it had.

As they sailed towards the light-ship, Willie could see, first one ship and another, until he could count seven or eight. After spying awhile, Willie's father told him that four of the vessels were bound to sea, and that proba-

bly they had left Calcutta two or three days before, and that the pilots who had taken care of the ships down the river had now left them, and had gone on board a little brig, which he pointed out to Willie, and let him spy it through his glass. He told him, also, that this brig was always sailing within a few miles of the light-ship, in order to place pilots on board ships coming in from sea. "Now look, Willie," said he, "the brig is sailing up to that vessel that you see steering the same way as we are, and I can see them lower a boat now, they are so close, and you can tell by the way the sails are fixed on board the ship that she is not sailing now, but waiting for the boat to come up to her." Willie could not see all this very plainly because they were so far off. "Well, never mind," said his father, "our turn will come soon, and then you will see it all plain enough." "But, father," said Willie, "you could tell the men at the wheel the way

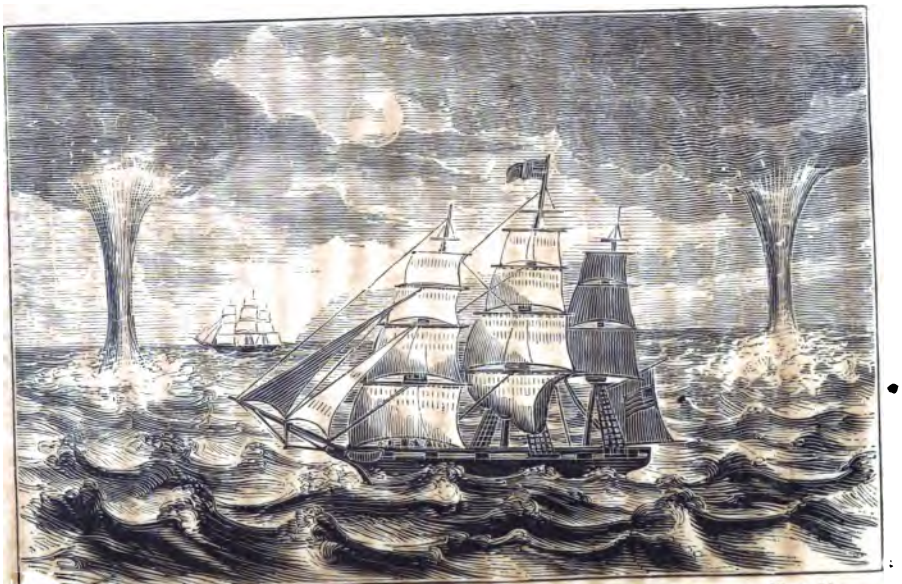
to steer the ship, all the way from Boston; why can't you sail her right up the river yourself?" "You forget," said his father, "that when we came out from Boston there was a pilot on board the ship for some hours, and then he gave all the directions to the men, and it is the custom to have a person on board when a ship is going away from a place or coming in from sea who knows all about the harbor, because the water near shore is not very deep in some places, and sometimes there are rocks, which the ship might strike against, so near are they to the top of the water; and, it is the particular business of the pilots to find out all these dangerous places so as to avoid them. They know, of course, much better how to guide the ship safely, just there, than the captains do, who, perhaps, only come into that harbor or that river once or twice in many years.

But, while Willie was listening to this long

explanation, for he loved to know the reason why things were thus and so, they were coming quite near the brig, and pretty soon his father began to alter the sails, so that the ship need not sail any further, for the brig was near enough for him to hail her, and ask if they could let him have a pilot. "Yes, lay to where you are," was the answer from the brig, and she came sailing round the stern of the ship, and, as she passed, her commander asked several questions of Willie's father. But now Willie had so much to see that he could not talk much, for on board the brig, which had stopped sailing and was side by side with the ship, a little ways off, he saw men dressed so queerly, and as black as they could be. There seemed to be so many of these dark-looking black men, and so few white men!

But there was the boat over the side of the brig, and now it is filled with these black fellows, with the oars upright in their hands;

lie and his mother heard the captain say in a quick tone to the mate, who was on the main deck, "Look this way, Mr. R——, do you see that?" and as all the sailors looked in the direction his father pointed, and then ran faster than ever to obey the rapid order that was given, they wondering what the matter could be, ventured out on deck to see if they could find out. When his father saw them he beckoned to them to come up where he was, and holding fast to his mother's hand, Willie climbed up to the quarter deck, and there they saw quick enough what it was that made his father look so anxious. There was a vast column or pillar of water from the clouds to the sea, whirling round and round, and every instant whirling nearer and nearer to the ship. It was what is called a water-spout, and where it touched the ocean it caused the waves to foam up like an immense pool of snow-white froth. The captain was too busy to have anything just



THE WATER-SPOUTS. [Page 31.

then to say to them, for his attention was directed to the steering of the ship, so as to get out of the track of the water-spout; but on it came, nearer and nearer, until it seemed but one minute more, and it must burst upon the ship, and flood everything with water, — for that is the danger from these water-spouts. In a minute or two Willie's father turned to them and said, "I think you had better go below as quick as you can," and they were just hastening down, when they heard the glad cry from one and all, "It's passing," and they stopped to look. Close by the ship, so close that it seemed as if one could have almost tossed anything into its mighty column, the water-spout was whirling on; the captain had called for a gun, and after it had fairly passed the stern of the ship he fired at it, in the hope of breaking it by the concussion in the air. You must ask some one who understands what this means to tell you; for I suppose the little

girls and boys who read this story will wonder how a noise only, as they will think, could knock down a large column of water like the one I have told them of; and it did not do it this time — for on went the water-spout, as if the ship having escaped, it would try what it could do to the bark; and as they looked towards her they saw another spout coming, as if to meet the one that had just gone on. It was then a very grand sight. The two crossed each other between the bark and the ship, but not near enough to touch each other, and they did not go so near the bark as the first one did to the ship. The second passed about half a mile from them, and then came foaming over and tumbling down to the water. The clouds soon after began to break away, and the wind became more steady, and the next morning was bright and beautiful, and the bark not in sight.

CHAPTER IV.

And now they were sailing in the Bay of Bengal. The decks and many parts of the ship had been painted; and the brass work polished brighter and brighter every day, and Willie, and his mother, too, watched the chart very earnestly each day, to see how much nearer they were to the Sand Heads, where the River Hoogly empties into the Bay of Bengal, and there they would be able to get a pilot to take charge of the ship up the river to Calcutta. And when they had been at sea one hundred and six days, his father said, "Now we must look out for the light-ship," and many of the sailors were up on the masts all night looking out for a light in the di-

rection that the captain told them to look; and about four o'clock one sung out "Light oh!" and when morning came, the captain could spy the light-ship, which is always stationed there, as a guide for ships coming in from sea. So the ship was steered in the direction of the light-ship, and Willie was much surprised to see the water, that had looked so blue the night before, now look of a dirty white mud color. But his father told him the reason, that now, the long line with the great piece of lead tied to it, that he was asking about the evening before, and he told him, was to see how deep the water was, could touch the soft, mud-colored sand, and that gave the water the queer look it had.

As they sailed towards the light-ship, Willie could see, first one ship and another, until he could count seven or eight. After spying awhile, Willie's father told him that four of the vessels were bound to sea, and that proba-

bly they had left Calcutta two or three days before, and that the pilots who had taken care of the ships down the river had now left them, and had gone on board a little brig, which he pointed out to Willie, and let him spy it through his glass. He told him, also, that this brig was always sailing within a few miles of the light-ship, in order to place pilots on board ships coming in from sea. "Now look, Willie," said he, "the brig is sailing up to that vessel that you see steering the same way as we are, and I can see them lower a boat now, they are so close, and you can tell by the way the sails are fixed on board the ship that she is not sailing now, but waiting for the boat to come up to her." Willie could not see all this very plainly because they were so far off. "Well, never mind," said his father, "our turn will come soon, and then you will see it all plain enough." "But, father," said Willie, "you could tell the men at the wheel the way

west, and the air was not quite so hot, his father told the dingyman to bring his dingy close to the side of the ship, and after his mother and himself had been lowered in a chair into the dingy, and his father had climbed down the ladder or steps, the dingymen began to row towards the place where they had landed Mr. Porter. It was very queer to sail in the dingy. They are made so very differently from any boats that either Willie or his mother had ever seen before, that I will tell you about them.

They look something like a long rough cradle — only very pointed at one end, and at the other is a little cabin, or cuddy place, built up something like the head of a cradle, in which the dingymen sleep and keep their provisions; for sometimes the boat is their home for weeks and months together, while they are in attendance upon the ship that has hired them. Then, instead of the oarsmen sitting on seats placed

across the hollow of the boat, as we have them at home, the hollow is all boarded over, and the men sit down on the boards to row, and the passenger must stand or sit down as they do.

Under the boards they keep their droll fire-places, and pots, and dishes, which they cook in. Willie and his mother had watched the dingymen that day to see how quickly and carefully they had made their fire after taking up one of the boards to make way for the flame and smoke, and had seen them cook their fish and rice, which is almost the only food that their religion will allow them to eat. After their food was prepared, Mr. Porter sent Pero into the dingy with a plate to ask them for a little of it, in order that the lady might taste their cooking. "They are very neat, indeed." said Mr. Porter; "and you need not be afraid of eating after they have cooked it;" and when Pero brought it, both Willie's father

and mother tasted it, and found it very nice indeed — highly seasoned with the curry-powder, which they make each day very carefully, even counting every separate seed in order to be sure of the exact proportion. But the dingy was now close to the shore, and here was a difficulty that Willie's mother had not thought of before, though his father knew all about it, he had been up and down the river so many times; and he laughed heartily to see how perplexed his wife looked, for the banks of the river are of very soft, slippery mud for some distance from the water, and how to get over this mud to dry land was a puzzle to her. But she soon found out *how* it was to be done; and, though I think she did not like it very well, there was no help for it. One of the black fellows took Willie in his arms, and waded through the mud up the bank, and set him down high and dry. "Oh come, father! — come, mother!" shouted he, "come! come!

It seems so good to be on land again." Then two of the dingy-men took a board, and his father placed his mother carefully on it, and told her that she must put an arm around each of the men's necks, and they would get her safely on shore. When Willie saw his mother coming that way, holding fast round these almost naked black fellows, he took off his hat and shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Mother! hold on tight. Would'nt my Fannie laugh if she could see you now." His mother, too, was laughing so that she could not speak to him, and expecting every minute that her bearers would slump down and let her into the mud! but the poor fellows toiled on, and now, a spring from the board, and she stands by Willie, and the men are taking the captain ashore in the same fashion.

The dingy-man pointed the way that Mr. Porter went, and, as they stand on the bank, they hear the report of his gun, but more in

the direction of the village, so Willie's father decided to go there at once, and the man who brought Willie ashore, said to him, "Little massa, catchy Rahm jibboom if he can," and off they ran, Willie delighted to have a good race again upon the ground, and the good natured dingy-man allowing himself to be caught and then making believe to be so tired, and then starting off again amid Willie's screams of laughter.

The path which led to the village was on the top of a bank of earth built up like a railroad track, only not so straight, and it is built up by the inhabitants to protect their huts and fields and cattle from the river, which, in the rainy season, rises very high and comes over the natural banks, and floods the country for some distance. For in India there is no snow, only rain, rain, for weeks together, in place of our winter.

As they walked on, Willie's mother was very

much interested in the different trees and bushes that she saw. There was one tree with red earthen pots tied up high on its trunk, and this, she was told, was the molasses tree; and the native cut little slits in the bark and the sweet juice oozes out, which they collect in these pots and use with their food. Then there was the large tamarind tree, with the pretty, fine leaf, and the fruit hanging from its spreading branches. And in all these trees were the most beautiful birds flying about. They saw many small green parrots, and the beautiful blue-jay, and the wood-pecker, with his long sharp bill, and the pretty ring-neck dove, all seeming so tame and so little fearful of man, that it seemed cruel to think that Mr. Porter was shooting some as little suspecting of evil as they.

But now they are close up by the mud houses, which Willie has reached with his guide, some time before, and from one corner

and another they can see the dark faces peeping at them, and then disappearing behind the huts.

I wish I could tell you exactly how their houses looked. I will try to. You must think of four mud walls, built up about half as high as our rooms at home, and then long sticks of the bamboo, stuck up in a peak, for the roof, and these covered, either with straw from the rice fields, or with leaves from the palm or cocoa-nut tree. There was no furniture of any kind in the houses; no beds, for the natives only roll around them a piece of matting or coarse cloth and lie down upon the floor to sleep. No fire-place that one could see, at first sight, but when they went inside one of their huts, they found a hole in the ground, and a fire in the hole, and a kind of earthen pot set on two sticks, over it; the smoke was left to find its way out of the door or roof, as it could.

The houses all seemed to be deserted — but as our friends turned, rather suddenly, into a little passage between the huts, and where I think they were not expected to appear, they came upon the whole population, clustered together, young and old, — and then such a scampering as took place. The children screamed, and Willie's father and mother stood still and laughed to see the fright they had occasioned. Willie followed the crowd, however, and some of the men came back to where they had been standing, and, as one of them had taken up in his arms a little bright-eyed baby, that could not run quite so fast as the other scamperers, Willie's mother went up to it, and patted its little brown shoulders, and spoke in a caressing tone to the little fellow, who now seemed to think there was nothing to fear, after all, and looked at the flowers in her bonnet, and stretched out its hands for her ribbons, and jabbered away merrily to the father,

who seemed as proud as any white parent would have been of his little boy.

Bye-and-bye, one after another of the runaways joined the group, until they were quite surrounded with these half-naked people. A few little boys and girls, who were probably some of the rich men's children, had beads, old keys, and bracelets on their necks, arms and ancles, and had on no other article whatever, and these seemed as proud and self-satisfied with their appearance, as some young people that I have seen at home, with a new frock or jacket with bright buttons. Willie's mother gave a pretty piece of pink ribbon that she had in her pocket to the little bright-eyed baby, and they went on in search of Mr. Porter, the report of whose gun was heard again and again, and almost all the population followed them. Our friends saw such funny looking white cows, not more than a quarter part as large as our cows are, and they had such a

queer hump on their backs or shoulders. Some of these cows were coming from the field where a few men were at work, and they were so loaded up with the great bundles of straw, (for the natives use the little cows as beasts of burden,) that we could hardly see the poor little animal under its load. There were goats, too, in great quantities, running here and there, and, as these animals live in the huts with their owners, they seemed almost as human as they.

But now the near sound of the gun told them that Mr. Porter was near, and they soon saw him at a little distance, with Pero, carrying a bag full of birds, that Mr. Porter had killed. Willie ran towards him, but as he was passing under a little cluster of trees, he made a sudden stop, and cried out, "only see, father! — only see, mother, these funny painted dolls! what ugly things!" and he was just about to lift one up in his arms, to show it to his mother, when Rahm-jibboom exclaimed

"No! no! little massa, that Bengalese Jesus!—make Bengalese much mad, massa touch him." His father and mother coming up, explained to him that these were the idols that the natives made and prayed to, instead of the God, as told of in the holy Bible.

A few minutes walk brought them to where Mr. Porter was resting, under the shade of some beautiful trees, and he showed them the birds he had shot. There were twenty-four in the bag! among them some of the pretty green parrots that he had promised Willie he would bring him for their feathers, and many others; and after the party had rested awhile, and Mr. Porter had thrown down a handful of pice, or small copper coin, not quite as large as our cents, for the boys to scramble for, they said good bye to the simple, and, apparently, kind-hearted natives, and took their way to the river side, Willie running races now, not only with Rahm-jibboom, but with a dozen or more of

the little naked black boys, who accompanied them to see the strangers go back to the ship. He had the fun over again of seeing Mr. Porter and his father and mother carried over the mud, and when the dingy-men began to row off from the shore, waving his hat above his head, he shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah! good bye, good bye," and the boys on the banks of the river laughed, and tossing their black arms in the air, screamed back something, which Pero told Willie, was "Come again—come again to-morrow."

It was bright moonlight when they reached the ship, and Willie was so tired after his frolic, that he was soon asleep, and so soundly too, that he heard neither the barking or howling of the jackalls among the low bushes on shore, or the low sing song tunes of the natives in the many dingies and boats of different kinds that came down the river with the tide.

The next day was passed in much the same

manner as the day before. The anchor was hoisted up, and the ship sailed very slowly on, for the wind was still very light. Willie was much amused with seeing the ships and boats on the river, and quite envied those ships that he saw towed along so nicely by steamboats. His father was expecting one to be sent down to the ship from Calcutta, and wondered why it did not come.

The ship was hailed two or three times by the captains of other ships, and some of these captains were old friends of Willie's father, whom he had met many times before in India. On board one ship, that had got her cargo and was homeward bound, there was a pretty little girl, standing with her mother; when Willie saw her, he exclaimed, "Oh don't that little girl look like my Fannie?" I do not know that little Mabel H. looked at all like Fannie. But, like Willie, his mother thought of Fannie, and it made her feel almost as sad as it did

when she said good bye to her little girl, to see little Mabel, and think how far, far away, Fannie was from her. But while they were talking about her, there came a dingy alongside the ship, and in it a man whom the captain knew at once for his old serkar, or the man who tends upon the ship in Calcutta; and when he was on deck, he seemed very glad to see the captain so soon, for it was only a little more than half a year since the ship had left Calcutta homeward bound. The serkar could speak English very well, and after a little talk he gave the captain a bundle of letters from home, which the merchant at Calcutta, a very dear friend of Willie's father, had kindly sent down the river to him. As he could not get a steamboat to tow the ship up, for there was so many ships going to sea that all were engaged; and, as the wind still kept as light, he thought they would be anxious to have the letters, that have come by steam-

boat and railroads, across ocean and country, to meet them in India.

And, indeed, they were very welcome, for on opening the package, beside many letters from dear friends at home, there was a very nicely written letter for Willie's father and mother, and another for himself, from Fannie. You may be sure these little notes, written by herself, were read the first, and glad were they to find that she was "happy and contented, and trying to be good because she thought father and mother would be glad to have her so."

When the ship came to anchor that afternoon, they went on shore again. But the village here was much larger than where they were the afternoon before. As they were so much nearer Calcutta, the people did not seem quite so shy as they did at Diamond Point; and the ladies here seemed to think much more of their ornaments; I cannot say *dress*,

for their clothing does not seem to be much more than one large mantle wrapped around their bodies, and another in rather a fantastic way crossed over one shoulder. But some of these ladies had rings as large round as a saucer hanging from one side of the nose, and the arms, from the elbow to the shoulder, were covered with bracelets, some of silver, others of tin or beads, and the ancles ornamented in the same way.

There had been a bazaar or fair held in the little village in the morning, and the shops were nothing more than four upright poles with a covering over the top, to keep the seller from the rays of the burning sun. There were some still selling rice or grain of some kind or other, in their rough looking wooden scales; and Mr. Porter told them that the shop-keepers were usually very exact in their weight; for if one was found cheating or giving short weight, he would have the first joint of his

fore-finger cut off, and, if he offended the second time, the whole finger, and if again, the whole hand!

They saw many of the idols here, and there was one hut filled with these images, made in the most grotesque forms! but the natives do not care to have white people go into this place, and, as our friends had seen quite enough of the ugly looking things, they did not ask to go into it. Mr. Porter shot a few more birds, but as the afternoon was very hot they did not stay long on shore, and, on their return to the ship, Willie amused himself with collecting and arranging the pretty feathers that Pero pulled from the birds, for Willie to show Fannie when he should be at home again.

The next morning, as they came nearer the city, the shores looked much prettier than lower down the river. The cotton tree with its bright red leaves looked very lively among the dark green of the tamarind, and

the tall waving cocoa and palm trees. Now and then there would be a cluster of the native huts, looking very prettily, half hidden among the shrubs and under the shadows of the taller trees; and some handsome buildings, too, began to appear as the ship moved on, and the river became much narrower.

In the morning, the Captain had received a note from his friend, the merchant I have spoken of before, saying that he should be looking out for the ship opposite a place called "Bishop's College," in the afternoon, and that when the ship came up he would come on board.

Soon the beautiful palaces at Garden Reach, as this part of Calcutta is called, with their nicely kept smooth green lawns, came in sight, and Willie's mother, to whom all that was to be seen here was new, was delighted with the scenery. There were many kinds of trees and shrubs that she had never seen before; the tall

dark China fir, and the many vines that clinging to some of the trees, look almost like trees themselves, so stout are their stalks and so large their leaves! Many things like these were of more interest to his mother than to Willie, for little children usually take more notice of the moving objects they see around them, than of things which become more interesting to them as they grow older.

And now the ship is opposite Bishop's College, a very large and beautiful building, and from the other side of the river is a dingy rowing towards the ship, and in it a white gentleman whom Willie's father recognized as his friend, and in a few minutes Mr. P. is on board, and very glad are the friends to meet, for Willie's father can tell Mr. P. much about the wife and dear little boy that he has left at home in America, while he is engaged in his business in India, although, no doubt, Mr. P. has had many letters from them since the Cap-

tain saw them. Yet it is pleasant to see any one who has seen our friends since we have.

In about an hour more the anchor is dropped again, and now they are at Calcutta, and Willie runs for his hat to go on shore. His father and mother are ready, and the trunks locked, and the pilot leaves the ship in the hands of the harbor master, who has come on board, and who will take her up to the place where it is most convenient to load her.

Every thing is ready, and it is only a minute's row in the dingy to the shore, where Mr. P. has, kindly, a carriage in waiting for them to go to the house where they are to board. Such a jabbering as there is on shore, such quantities of these black fellows running here and there, and Willie and his mother look so bewildered that Mr. P. and his father laugh heartily to see their looks of amazement; and when the black men, Coolies as they are called, took up the heavy trunks on their heads

and trotted off with them, apparently as easily as a handcart-man would wheel one away in his cart. Willie thought that stranger than all! and it was far, too, that the poor Coolies had to carry them, for the house where they were to board was more than a mile from the ship.

The carriage drove along the strand, as the nice broad road that is by the side of the river is called, and where may be seen every afternoon, when the sun is low, the most splendid carriages with their gaily dressed occupants. The horses drawing them are very fine, and, as there is a sice or footman for every horse, these equipages present a very magnificent appearance! Then, too, there are many ladies and gentlemen on horse-back! and as the strand is wide enough to admit six carriages abreast, you can imagine how gay it seems there, crowded as it is every afternoon. It is kept very nicely watered, so that unlike most

of the streets in Calcutta, it is entirely free from dust.

After leaving the strand, the way was across Mydon, a fine large plain, between the city and the river, and over which the air from the river freely passes, into the narrow and crowded streets. They passed the Governor's Palace, a very fine building, with its spacious lawn, and many other handsome houses, with their white walls and green lattices; and then they turned into a narrower street, and the carriage stopped in front of a nice building. "Well, here is our home in Calcutta, Willie," said his father, and Willie thought it a very nice looking home too, and when they were inside, and had seen the rooms they were to occupy, both his mother and he were very much pleased.

The lady who kept the house was not well, and, as his father had to leave them for a short time to see a friend of his, they were left to

themselves for awhile; but not hardly to themselves, for so many of the oddly dressed and funny looking natives would come into the parlor, some wishing to be engaged as servants or Kitmagers, some as washmen or dobies, &c., and Willie's mother was much amused to see them make their low salaams or bows, and touch their foreheads in token of respect. Some of them could speak a little English, and would urge their services earnestly, saying, "Oh ma'am saib, take me, I good fellow; all the Kitmagars bad men." But when one of these, a man who looked to be nearly fifty years old, making more salaams than any of the others, said, "Oh ma'am saib, you my old mama — Captain saib, my old papa, you take me," Willie laughed outright, and, as this man had a certificate which Willie's father had given him a few years before, when he had him for a servant, his mother told him to wait until the Captain came, and he would arrange the

matter with him. She tried, too, to make the others understand that they must address themselves to her husband, for she was not acquainted with Calcutta customs, and did not know really who or what they did want, but in vain! The hands were clasped so imploringly, and "I poor fellow, ma'am saib, I poor fellow," repeated again and again, and when, at last, she said "Well, wait till the Captain comes," they seated themselves with great apparent delight, about in the hall, or on the verandah, like so many monkies crouching about.

It was not many minutes before the Captain came in, and now it was fun indeed; for he well knew all their ways and fashions; and when one man, who had been most urgent in his entreaties, began salaaming with, "I your old man, Captain saib." "Yes, you old rascal," answered he, "I remember you too well to take you for a servant again." And in a

short time he selected those he wanted, and sent off the many others quite disappointed.

Mudder, that was the man's name who had the certificate, was among the engaged, and an excellent servant he proved. Willie soon became much attached to him for his kind good-nature in joining his play.

The house seemed, as Willie said, like one house inside another, for it had a nice verandah shut in with green blinds, which sheltered the house from the rays of the sun, and which made a nice place for Willie to play in.

The next day was Sunday, but it did not seem like Sunday at home or even on board ship, though there were the church bells, calling the Christians to their houses of worship, for the Christians in Calcutta are very few, in comparison with the many heathen who pray to the idols their own hands have fashioned, or worship the Great God in the sky in a different manner from the white men. This

Sunday happened to be a holiday among the Bengalese, and there appeared to be great sport going on amongst them. Almost every one seemed to have some kind of red powder concealed about him, and the great joke was to powder the passer-by with it. It was quite amusing to watch the dodgings to escape this powder, and the fun that those who were looking on seemed to have. By evening there was hardly a native passed the house, but was daubed over with this red powder.

Willie's father was busily engaged with the business of the ship every day, but, by rising very early, sometimes before the sun was up, he was enabled to show Willie and his mother a great many of the pretty places around Calcutta; and then the air was so cool that they could enjoy a drive. Sometimes they would have a drive of eight or ten miles before breakfast.

Calcutta has been called the City of Palaces,

and Willie's mother thought it worthy of the name; for the outside of the buildings, though made in fact of plaster! yet are kept so beautifully white, after the rainy season is over, that they look like white marble at a little distance. Then in the parks which surround them are so many beautiful trees, and shrubs in full bloom, that some palaces seemed almost like fairy land. But there is another part of Calcutta, which looks like anything but a City of Palaces. The streets where the natives reside are narrow, and though the city government seem to try very hard to keep them clean, they are dirty and dusty enough.

The low mud huts of one story, with the smoke oozing out from the straw or palm-leaf roofs, for there is no chimney built for its egress, with sometimes a pumpkin-vine creeping up and growing over the whole house, and the naked children of all ages running loose with the goats and dogs, with which these parts

of Calcutta abound, though no doubt very nice to the Bengalese, do not look either as comfortable or agreeable as a neat little American cottage, with its cleanly dressed boys and girls.

Sometimes, as the buggy drove through the narrow, crowded streets, the little bright-eyed rogues would spring to their feet, and greet the passers with their "salaam, saib—salaam, ma'am saib," with as much grace and politeness as any little white boy would address a stranger. When they were driving through the streets where the bazaar or native shops were situated, the shop-men would rush out from their shops, offering their goods, and trying every art to induce one to purchase from them.

There is a gutter or trough built up along side of almost every street, and in the morning they would see hundreds of the natives, who could not go so far as the river to bathe

themselves, having a thorough wash at these troughs, and then, after washing the clothes they wind round their bodies, they would put them on wet, or walk with them out-spread over their shoulders to dry in the sun. The streets, which would else be so dusty as to almost prevent one from drawing a breath in them, are watered from these places, and a steam machine or pump keeps them full from the river. There are also large square tanks filled in the same manner, in various parts of the city, and the pone-wallers, or water-carriers, fill their curious-looking vessels at these tanks to supply their customers with—for the river water is used entirely by the inhabitants of the city. The besties or skins that the water is carried in, are very heavy when filled, and the poor carrier looks almost bent down under their weight. They use them also in watering the streets, and it looks curiously enough to see rows of these pone-wallers, as they sprinkle these streets, morning and night

There were some very pleasant roads, just wide enough for the buggy to drive through, where there were only the native huts to be seen, and the little altars which the natives have built to worship their gods in, hiding themselves under the shadow of the beautiful trees which grow so closely on either side. And these little roads Willie's mother liked best, for it was not pleasant to drive through the crowded streets, made more noisy by the cries of the sice, who goes every where that the horse, of which he has the care, goes, and who warns all other vehicles or travellers to get out of the way, with his shrill abuse:—"Hi! you sacra waller," he cries, "hi! you choera! (little boy,) hi! you jaunty waller! (man walking,) hi! you hackery!" This is a cart drawn by the white cows I have told you of, and which are steered entirely by their tails. The driver sits on the tongue of the cart, and when he wishes his animals to go on either

side, he gives their tails such unmerciful tugs, that sometimes the poor beasts have them twisted out of joint, and all raw and bleeding! but they look so patient, and move on obedient to the twitch, and thankful if the saucy-looking crows, which are hovering round everywhere in Calcutta, with their tiresome "caw, caw," do not alight on their back, to peck at the bleeding wound!

There was one wide road, that led out into the country, and over which a great many of the vegetables which supply Calcutta market are brought—not in carts, as we see them brought to town at home—but in large, round flat baskets on the heads of men, and women, and children!

It was really a pretty sight to see these people in the morning, hurrying along for fear of being late at the market. Sometimes on this road, our friends would see the men bending under the immense bundles of bamboo

sticks, which they were carrying on their heads, and stopping every now and then to rest, balancing their load so carefully, as they lowered it to an upright stick, which they have with them for that purpose.

And here, too, by the side of this road, they used to see the washmen, busy at their work. The washing is done by men, and not in tubs, as we see it done at home, but the clothes are taken to tanks or ponds, which are kept for this purpose, and then, the men standing in the water, pound or beat the clothes they have to wash.

The washmen make the articles look very nice and white; but alas, for the one who has the mending! for the tatters in which some of the clothes are brought back, is distressing to those who have spent so many hours in making them so neatly! It is well for the white residents, that labor in India is so cheap, or I fear the Doby would not have quite so many

hundred pieces to wash. But, as I have said above, it looked very prettily to see the men at their labor, with their finished pieces spread out on the green grass to whiten, and in the background, the huts just showing themselves among the groves of trees; and there would be the poor little cows, laboring under the great bales of clothes that had been collected from their owners for washing, and so covered by them, that one wondered at which end of the bale the head of the poor little creature was, until the driver, thrusting his hand beneath the great sack, would seize the tail and steer the mass out of the way of the buggy, and by the forward motion, one could venture a *Yankee guess* at the where-a-bouts of the head.

One morning Mudder, the servant, told Willie's father that it was a great holiday among the natives, and that everybody who was able, came from far and near to bathe in

the river, which, being a branch of the Ganges, is holy to them, and it is a part of their religion to bathe in it and say their prayers while doing so. So they concluded to drive down to the Strand to see what was going on. And it was well worth going to see. The banks of the river were thronged with worshippers, and as far out into the water as they could stand. They would dip themselves down many times, and remain under water until it seemed as if they must be drowned; but rising, they would stretch out their arms towards the sun, and jabber away the prayers in which they seemed so devoutly engaged. Then they would place some small black seeds upon a leaf, which they laid upon the water, and clasping their hands over it, repeat a prayer and watch the leaf until it floated out of sight. There were men and women engaged in this act of devotion, with the greatest apparent gravity and solemnity, and who can

say, but that God, who sees the hearts of all, may take the prayers of these poor heathen to himself, as much as those offered in the splendidly decorated churches? For the many natives that Willie's father spoke with, upon the subject, declared that they did not worship the idols they made, but used them to remind them of the great God in the sky.

This morning they continued further up the river than they had driven before, and passed the burning Ghaut, or the place where the Bengalese burn their dead; for they do not bury them in the earth as we do, but burn the bodies, and those whose friends cannot afford to pay for enough fuel to entirely consume their poor remains, are thrown into the river and float down amid the shipping until the tide takes them out of sight.

All around this place, and upon the tops of the buildings, were the tall birds of prey, nick-named adjutants, from their upright and

martial bearing, watching so earnestly for a feast upon some poor half-consumed wretch! It was a very melancholy and disgusting sight, and they were glad when the rapid pace of the good horse left this scene of barbarity, at least to an American, far behind them.

As they were returning from their drive, Willie's father said, "Now, I think I will take you to see something that will be more to your taste than that you have seen this morning," and entering a street, leading from the Strand, he stopped in front of a large building. There was a long flight of steps inside, some forty-five or fifty, leading to spacious apartments, up which some natives were hurrying with great bundles, seemingly very heavy, upon their heads. "What is this large, cool building for, Father?" said Willie, as they ascended the stairs. "Wait a minute, and I will tell you," returned his father, for the party were now in the room, where they were greeted very

cordially by a kind-looking American gentleman, who came forward to meet them, and who seemed to be a friend of Willie's father. As Willie stood listening to what the gentleman was saying, he heard him speak of the nice order in which the "Fleetwood," (a ship which Willie knew had arrived from Boston only a few days before,) had brought her ice and apples. "Real apples?" asked Willie. "Yes, real apples," said the gentleman, smiling, and he gave Willie a fine, large, rosy apple, "try that, my boy." "But did they come all the way from Boston?" exclaimed Willie, warmly thanking the gentleman. But as he saw his father and mother already enjoying the cool and juicy fruit, he thought he would try for himself, if they tasted like the apples he had helped gather in grandpapa's garden just before he left home. After his father had finished his conversation with this gentleman and some other friends who were there, he told

Willie that this was the ice-house, in which the ice that the ships bring from America, is stored. And one of the gentleman (a Boston boy himself,) engaged in the business, kindly told Willie and his mother all about it. How the ice was hoisted from the hold of the ship, and slid down a shute or slide, made of thick plank, from the side of the ship to a bridge of boats leading to the shore. It is then taken by the natives, who wrap it loosely in a piece of coarse cloth, called gunny cloth, and take it upon their heads. Each cake of ice will usually weigh about one hundred and eighty pounds, too heavy for one man to carry alone, and therefore, too or three woolly heads will share the burden, and with the cold water from the melting ice, pouring over their almost naked bodies, they run with it to the ice-house, but a short distance from the river, up the steps, and place it upon the floor, beneath which, are the ice-vaults. Here a machine, consisting of iron

frames, called gigs, which are hung by ropes, wound in opposite directions, around apart of the machine called the drum, is used to lower the ice to the natives who are down in the cold vault, ready to stow the ice away in regular layers. A cake of ice is put on one gig, and its weight causes it to descend, and at the same time to bring up the other gig, just relieved of its load. The gigs are kept steady by iron bars passing through rings placed in the sides. It is all done very quickly, and is quite an interesting scene. After the ice is all stowed, it is covered with sawdust and rice chaff to the depth of two or three feet. The broken ice is brought from the ship in baskets. It is a great treat to the American residents in Calcutta, when the apples, which are packed in barrels, and placed on the ice, in the ship, arrive in such good order, as did those that Willie saw, and one can easily imagine what a great luxury and how refreshing the iced water

must be to all who can procure it in such a warm country as India. And Willie made several visits after this, to the ice-house with his father, to get some of these nice Yankee apples, that he thought after all, tasted better than any of the fruit he had seen since he left home.

CHAPTER IX.

I must not forget to mention Fort William among the places that Willie saw. It is a perfect little village within itself—with its chapel and numerous buildings for its commanding officers, soldiers, &c. It appears large enough to afford shelter to the entire population of Calcutta, if forced to take refuge within the walls, so thickly and strongly built, and guarded by the wide moat or ditch, which can be quickly filled with water from the river. The bridges being taken up, in case of its being attacked by an enemy.

Willie delighted to have his father take him through the fort, so that he could see the sentinels at their posts, the cannon, and the great heaps of balls so nicely piled in pyra-

mids. There is an entrance slightly descending from the Strand, (the fort stands between the river and the city,) and visitors are permitted to go through the fort, and out at the avenue that opens upon the Mydon, during the day. But Willie soon learned that it was useless to ask his father to drive home through the fort, when the English flag, which is waving above it, was lowered, as it is every evening at sundown; for then no entrance is permitted to strangers.

Another holiday, when the offices were all closed and no business transacted, gave Willie's father an opportunity to visit the Horticultural Gardens, which are on the opposite side of the river.

They were rowed across the stream in a dingy, and could have spent many an hour pleasantly in this lovely place. It covers many acres, and there were some of the most beautiful flowers in full bloom. They saw too the

most graceful flowering shrubs and vines, and Willie's mother longed to take specimens of each to those dear friends at home whom she knew would have enjoyed this morning's excursion, more than almost any one that she had while in Calcutta.

But the great wonder of this garden is the famous Banyan tree, whose branches throw out shoots, which decending take root in the earth and branching out from the top of the shoot make the most immense tree ever seen. Under the shade of this, in the Horticultural Garden, it is said that more than eight thousand people may be sheltered from the sun. Its leaf is quite pretty and smooth, and somewhat resembles the Alder tree of America. There were many other Banyan trees in the garden as well as in different parts of Calcutta, but none so large as this that I have told you of.

The native merchant, Baboo Ashootas Day, who was concerned in the business of the ship,

BABOO ASHOOTAS DAY'S SHOW HOUSE. [Page 87.

had invited Willie's father, with another American gentleman and his wife and little boy, to make use of one of his houses to live in while they were in Calcutta, for he is immensely rich, and has several of these beautiful palaces, very handsomely furnished and kept, as well as the spacious grounds around them, in the most perfect order; and yet he does not inhabit any of these spacious mansions himself, preferring to live in what would be called a most ordinary building in America, after the fashion of his forefathers, rather than in these "*show houses*," as they are called. But it was rather too far from the city itself to be quite convenient for the gentlemen to attend to their business, and so they declined his polite invitation, contenting themselves with passing an afternoon at the lovely place. The building itself was very fine, and stored with objects of curiosity, but the grounds around were by far the most interesting. They were laid out in the most picturesque manner.

There is a long, winding avenue from the gate to the house, bordered by the wide spreading and thickly leaved trees, every turn of which would bring some new beauty to light. Here, at the right hand, was a whole drove of tame deer, browsing beneath a large cluster of the tall cocoanut tree, with their shy, half frightened look at the strangers, and a goodly number of very pretty goats, a few of which, disposed to wander from their proper place, were fastened with long strings to little stakes in the ground. On the left was one of the artificial ponds, or tanks, with a small pillared temple at the farther side, and a pretty little boat resting on its still waters. To the right again was a building where the greatest variety of pidgeons were kept, — some all black, with a ring of golden feathers round their necks, others of a sad, quaker-like plumage, and others, who, swelling out their throats, would strut about and appear as large again as when quietly resting upon their roosts.

At the back of the house was a garden very prettily laid out, and beyond it might be seen (what perhaps would not strictly be termed a *beauty*,) — a large elephant, lazily brushing away the flies with his long trunk. Willie and the other little boy had capital fun in runing about this beautiful place, and in gathering mulberries from some low trees, which they could reach. Bye and bye the keeper of the elephant got out the trappings, and dressed the great creature in his gay attire, and led him to the piazza for the ladies to have a ride round the grounds, upon his back. Willie did not fancy at all riding up so high, and it needed a good deal of coaxing, after the elephant had, obedient to his keeper's orders, khelt down, and his mother was in her seat, to induce him to be willing to be placed by her. But he was glad enough afterward when the elephant walked off with his riders. I do not know

which laughed the loudest, they or the lookers on.

But it is not the most comfortable way of travelling, and the shaking one has, though perhaps quite excellent exercise, could be dispensed with. The Baboo was out at his show house this afternoon, and he seemed to enjoy the gambols of the boys very much. He most politely repeated the offer of his house, and invited the ladies to visit his wives at his city home.

He laughed much when the gentlemen complained that he did not include them in his invitation to visit his wives, as they had brought their ladies to see him. "Oh, that is our fashion, you know," said he. "We must not break through our good old fashions." He is a most gentlemanly person, and spoke English very well. He says he has *only* two wives now, but that they and their children, and the

children of his other wives, live together most happily.

A few days after, they visited the show house of another rich Baboo, and this place is known by the name of the "Seven Tanks," for there are seven of these artificial ponds there, all conneeted together by a small underground canal. These ponds were stocked with various kinds of fish, some so tame that they would come close to the marble steps which lead down into the water, and feed from the hand, and Willie enjoyed this fun very much. At one side of the grounds, were several iron cages, in which were confined various animals. There was a large kind of monkey, called the Wah-hoo, from the noise he makes, in a very sad tone, like the word. He was nearly as large as Willie was! and seemed almost painfully like a human being. His keeper took him from the cage, and he shook hands, when bid, quite politely, with the party. When in his

cage, he was swinging about by his arms incessantly.

There were great shaggy bears in one cage, and in another the little cunning moose deer, not larger than very small dogs. At another part of the garden, was an immense rhinoceros, with his strange coat of mail. At this show house the various keepers and boys followed the visitors, with their entreaties of, "make boxes saib! boxes! boxes!" meaning, make us a present. Willie's father had already given a great many of them bits of money, and when one of them, a roguish looking fellow, to whom he had already given "boxes," came up with a pretty little bunch of flowers, which he presented to Willie's mother, he gave him a few pice or cents more, but unintentionally he gave him among them, quite a large piece of silver. He happened to turn his head, and saw the young rascal showing with a grin what he had got. But as soon as he saw that it was

known to the white gentleman, he hastily stowed it away, in his girdle, and came up again, with such a demure face, and exclaimed, in a whining tone, "make more boxes, saib, I poor fellow." Willie's father raised his cane, and said, "I'll give you boxes, you young scamp," and he understood enough of the gesture, if not of the English, to feel sure that he was seen through. Another bright eyed, fine looking little fellow, who had supplied Willie with bread or rice for the fishes, received his boxes with many salaams, and bounded off towards the mud huts, to show his mother, probably, how rich he was! This place is perhaps more visited by strangers, that the show house of Ashootas Day, and the presents which the attendants receive, make them rather annoying now, to every new comer. There are many other fine places in Calcutta, which are kept for the same purpose, as those I have told you of.

CHAPTER X.

One morning, when Willie was with his mother in her room, the curtains over the open door were pushed aside, and in walked one of the largest, fattest and most comfortable looking natives that she had seen.

He had three followers, bringing such immense bundles on their backs, and before she had recovered from her astonishment at the unexpected sight, the old fellow had seated himself with all gravity upon the floor, and the bundles were lowered down beside him, and down squatted the other three men and commenced untying the fastenings. This is Fudgeo, Chicken-Waller, said Mudder, in reply to Mrs. G.'s look of inquiry. "But I do not want any chickens," said she. I think she had

some faint idea that these bundles were covered coops, and expected a whole brood of chickens to be let loose in the room. Fudgeo did not pretend to notice her remark, but began to display some of the contents of the bundles, and Mrs. B. the lady who visited the Baboo's house with her, coming in just then, explained to her that Fudgeo's chickens were most beautiful embroideries, and that he was the "prince of chicken-wallers," for he was the richest as well as the most impudent of his tribe. Mrs. B. had been in Calcutta many times before, and gave Mrs. G. warning how to deal with Fudgeo. He did not attempt the usual form of, "I poor fellow," but went on displaying one rich article after another, with the most complete assurance, as if confident that they must purchase some of his costly and elegant articles. The ladies agreed to purchase some of his goods, such as collars, edging, &c., but took good care to find out

Fudgeo's *asking* price, and not take the piece of work until he had abated full one half, and sometimes more, of the price he first named. At first, this trafficking was quite amusing, and the ladies had a merry time while thus engaged, and the little boys laughed in company, to hear their mothers talk in such a baby-like way, for Fudgeo and his attendants seemed to understand the "I no want," much easier than the better English of "I do not want it." There were some articles that Fudgeo very willingly undertook to have embroidered to order, making the most solemn promises that the ladies should have them on such a day. But when the day came, they were not ready, nor did they get them until an hour or so before they went on board the ship to sail for home, though the old plague would march in every day with all his pomposity, to be sure that Sabder Ally, his nephew, and who like all his relations, are chicken-wallers; was not supplying

the ladies with more embroideries, for they had found the nephew much better to deal with than the uncle, and all their future purchases were made from him, and Fudgeo would march off, looking as cross as possible, when he found Sabder Ally there.

I said above that all his relations were chicken-wallers, for in India the business the father followed, the son pursues, and as the people are divided into many castes or tribes, no one is permitted to deviate from his family profession, without loss of caste, a thing they much dread, as it sets them apart from their people.

I might fill out many more pages with telling you of the queer ways of the Bengalese, and the happy hours that Willie passed in Calcutta. But my story is already long enough, and yet I have to tell you some things about the going home, and no doubt you will be as glad as Willie was to hear his father say that the ship was ready for sea. Though he and

his mother had enjoyed so much during their stay, and had made many pleasant acquaintances among some of the American residents in Calcutta, yet they longed to see Fannie and home, again!

The ship was taken from her moorings, where she had been loaded, and towed down the river a little distance, and anchored until the tide would be high enough to allow a steamboat to tow her to sea. The weather was becoming very warm, and the musquitoes more and more troublesome, and when at last the day came for Willie's parents to go on board, I think they looked forward with much more pleasure to the idea of being off Cape Good Hope in six or eight weeks, that if they had been obliged to remain that length of time in Calcutta, and brave the coming heat, notwithstanding the fine things that are to be seen in India.

The captain thought it best to go on board

the ship the evening before the steamboat was to take her in tow, as it would be so much pleasanter going down the river by moonlight, than in the glare of the hot morning sun; and so the whole host of coolies made their appearance, and trotted away again with the heavy trunks upon their heads. And after dinner, which was at seven o'clock, they took leave of the kind landlady and pleasant boarders, hoping to meet the latter again in a few months in Boston, for they were mostly Americans.

The compound or yard was filled with the various servants, all anxious to press forward and bid good bye to the parting guests, and no doubt, no less anxious to be in the way to receive the boxes or presents, which are expected from those leaving. Even the policemen in the street was there, and it was well for the crowd that Willie's father had provided for this emergency, and at last the buggy drove off, leaving them, I think, well satisfied with the generosity of its driver.

It was a most glorious evening, and the Bolieau, a boat much larger and more comfortable than the dingy, was ready at the landing to row them down the river to the ship. It had a little cabin nicely furnished, but the open air and the bright moonlight were so much pleasanter, that all preferred remaining outside, and clambering up into the seat over the top of the cabin, they enjoyed the beautiful scenery, quite distinct in the moonlight view. A promise of boxes, induced the rowers to sing some of their boatmen songs, to which they kept time with their oars.

Their music is peculiarly monotonous, and rather plaintive than otherwise, and as a people the Bengalese do not appear to have as much music in them as the Africans, and some other people do.

It was two hours or more before they reached the ship, and the sailors were almost all quietly asleep, and once on board, you may be sure

that Willie as well as his parents, soon followed their example.

By nine o'clock the next morning the steamboat had the ship in tow, and, to Willie's delight, they now sailed as fast as any of the other vessels in the river. I have told you so much of the passage up, that as our friends did not go on shore again, I will leave the few incidents that happened going *down* the river. They had the same pilot to take care of the ship, and he was such an agreeable and well educated man, that they felt quite sorry when they left the river, and his task was ended.

The brig sent her boat to take him back to his station, and the good ship, having parted from the steamboat, as if glad to be homeward bound, glided over the waters like a bird.

CHAPTER XI.

For some days it was most delightful weather, and the ship sailed on well, but then came the calms and light airs, through which she must pass, but which seem very tedious to those who are wishing to make a quick passage. However, at last the ship creeping along as fast as these smooth waters would let her, crossed the Equator, and then it seemed as if one point was gained.

About a week after they were in south latitude, they experienced a sudden and most frightful gale of wind, and some of the sails were torn from the yards and stripped up into ribbons, by the wind, before they could be furled. But the sailors worked away like good fellows,

and in a short time the masts looked bare, so snugly were the sails laid to the yards, and as the Captain had every reason to think, from previous experience, that there was a hurricane blowing a few degrees further to the southward, the ship was "laid to" or kept from sailing for a few hours.

Willie's mother thought that though she had often heard descriptions of storms at sea and of waves rising mountains high, yet that one must really see these things for themselves before they can begin to comprehend one half. It seemed as if the monstrous waves, towering so high over the ship, as she laid almost on her side, must come dashing over and sink them all beneath its mighty waters, and once or twice these great waves did come pouring over the deck, with a noise almost stunning. But towards evening the winds began to abate, and all sail was made again, and by eleven o'clock at night the moon was shining brightly, and

every thing looked so pleasant, except the monstrous waves which had not yet gone down, that one could hardly believe the morning had been so different. You may be sure that there was gratitude to God for his goodness in keeping them from the threatened danger, in the hearts of some, at least, on board the ship that night. Willie had some new objects to amuse him on the homeward passage; one of these I will tell you of. Some one in Calcutta had given him a "miner," or mocking bird, and it was the funniest creature in the world; it was very glossy, and of a beautiful blue-black color, and it kept its plumage in the most perfect order. There was a golden collar round his neck, not of feathers, but something that seemed more like the comb of a rooster.

There was not a sound on board that Bobby, for that was the name Willie gave him, did not mock. If he heard a block creak, or an order given on deck, or Willie's shrill voice

calling "father," he would repeat the sound again and again, and he said over incessantly the many sentences that were taught him; such as "How do you do?" "Good morning;" "I hope you are well;" "Fine day;" "Father! father! why don't you talk?" And when he heard some little birds, that were bought for Fannie, attempt to sing some of their sweet songs, he would scold away so that at last the poor little things did not try to raise a note when Bobby was in the cabin. He was a noisy creature, but he was so amusing that his noise was tolerated, and even encouraged for the amusement he afforded.

The ship came nearer the southern part of Africa on her homeward passage than when bound to India; so near, indeed, that the outline of the headland of Cape L'Agulhas could be distinctly seen from her deck. And when her head was once more turned to the north, there were many head winds and light airs

before she could get where the trade winds blow steadily from the south-east. But when once the good ship felt these winds filling out her sails, she bounded along as if triumphant at having overcome the difficulties, and rolling from one side to the other, so that it seemed as if, as Willie said, she must certainly tip over, she bravely pushed on her way toward St. Helena, which was directly in her route.

The day before they reached the island they saw a large vessel bound the same way, and the mate told Willie that he thought it was a frigate or man-of-war ship, and when the captain had the flag hoisted, up went the Dutch flag on board the frigate! As the two vessels came nearer to each other many questions were asked and answered by means of the little flags I have told you of. And I must not forget to mention a very polite and pleasing incident. When the commander of the frigate

saw a lady on board the ship, he had his band of musicians stationed on the quarter deck, and when the vessels were so near that the sound of voices could be distinctly heard, they played the American national air of "Hail Columbia," which was responded to, you may be sure, with hearty cheers from the crew of the American ship, who were stationed, by the order of the captain, along the side. Afterward the band played "Washington's March," and again came the loud cheers from the sailors, and the American flag was run up and down three times three, in acknowledgment of the politeness of the Dutch commander. The two ships kept in company until the beautiful frigate dropped her anchor off St. Helena, pouring from her guns a salute, which was returned from the forts that seem clinging to the forbidding-looking bronzed rocks of the island. No one can see the prison home of Napoleon Bonaparte without a feeling of sad solemnity. It

looks like a grand tomb; its rocks are so toweringly high, and are so dark and majestic in their grandeur. And had it not been that the heart and affections of the mighty man who created kings by his word, was in France, it would have seemed a most fitting mausoleum for the exiled emperor.

It was not the intention of Willie's father to stop at St. Helena, and so by the afternoon the island was out of sight, and now the next land they hoped to see would be Old Cape Cod!

A few days after leaving St. Helena behind them they saw several large whales, and once one came up close to the ship, as if to see what great monster it was. It ploughed its way through the deep water, blowing several times high in the air, and then, after a good look, turned away slowly as if it thought that a ship was not such a great sight after all.

And once the sailors caught a shark, but just as they had got him up to the ship's rail he

struggled so hard that he straightened the hook out and slipped from their hold, much to the disappointment of the men, who look upon the shark as an object of laudable hatred; for if a man falls over board, though he may have a chance of being saved from drowning by the exertions of those on board the ship, yet if one of these horrid creatures are near, it is almost impossible to escape from them, and a most dreadful death awaits the poor fellow.

The winds were not very favorable, and the good ship seemed to those so anxious to clasp their dear little girl in their arms again, to get along very slowly, though advantage was taken of every breath of air to push her along.

As she came near Bermuda, Willie amused himself with catching the pretty pieces of gulf weed that came floating past the ship. He had a hook fastened to a long fishing pole, and

could sometimes pull up large pieces. It looks in the water something like sponge, but when one sees this pretty sea weed nearer, it looks very different with its cunning little round berries. Often he would find the thick pieces filled with little crabs and shrimps, and these pieces he would toss back again into the water so that the little crabs might still live on in their native homes.

"Now we are in the Gulf stream, Willie," said his Father to him one morning when he came on deck, and in a few days more we shall be in Boston," and he told the little boy how he could tell by the water being so many degrees warmer than it was the night before, that they were in this stream, which, rushing out from the Gulf of Mexico, round the coast of Florida, carries the warm water of the Gulf, north, amid the cooler waves of the Atlantic, with such rapidity that for a long, long distance its course can be as distinctly traced, by

trying the temperature of the water with the thermometer, as the course of a river winding its way through the green fields can be seen by the eye. "But you will not see the pretty Gulf weed so much here," said he, "for where you were fishing for it was where it seems to collect and drift to the southward, and then it scatters itself and is lost among the waves, after having been brought thus far by the stream. "And we must look out for squalls, Willie. It is almost always stormy here." And so the weather proved for a day or two. But everybody on board was beginning to think of packing up their trunks, and getting those articles belonging to themselves together, and the mate was busy in seeing that the long line, with the heavy lead, was ready for use, for as soon as the Gulf stream was crossed, with the line and lead they could be able to track the bottom of the ocean, and this would help them make sure that they were moving on the best

way toward Boston. In the bottom of the lead was a hole which Willie saw the mate fill with tallow, and when he asked him what that was for, the mate told him that was to bring up some *Yankee land* for him to see; for the mud or sand would stick to the tallow, when it would not to the lead, and as the ship sailed along it was a great help for the Captain to know whether they were sailing over a sand or shell, or mud bottom — for vessels had been sent out by the U. S. Government to sail all over this part of the ocean, and see where the line would reach the bottom, to try what it was, and then it was all marked down on charts for other people. Willie was very anxious to have his father give orders to have the lead tried, and he did not have to wait long. For the next morning he saw the mate standing on the rail of the ship, and the men all ready with the line, and when the word was given down went the lead into the water, down, down, so

deep that it seemed to Willie as if the end of the line would never come, and before it had quite run through the mate's hands, he held it fast, and exclaimed to the Captain, who was watching the operation, "I've got it, sir!" And now Willie was right glad, and jumped about for joy, for on the chart it seemed but little way from where the figures were which his father told him marked how deep the water was, or *soundings* as the sailors call them, to Boston — and the men looked glad too; for they had been at sea now over one hundred days, and everybody was longing, no doubt, to see their friends and homes again.

But now it began to be foggy, and such rainy weather for three days, and when the fog would clear away the wind would seem to be all gone and the sails would hang heavily from the yards, as if they felt tired and wanted to rest after all the work they had done, and the days seemed much longer than when all hands had

been so busy in painting and cleaning up the ship and getting things in order. It seemed to make every one impatient to be so near and yet move on so slowly. But move they did, and each hour was bringing them nearer home, and Willie's father was on deck spying with his glass for the land, and the men were going up on the mast every time they had a chance, each one in hopes that he would be the first to give the glad sound of "land, oh!" But the day was dull, and the clouds and fog seemed to hide everything, until, as evening came on, it began to clear away a little, and then the Captain could see several vessels quite near him, and this only served to increase his anxiety, for fear that the ship might run into some of these, if the fog came on so thick again. Willie saw that it was not a good time, now, to talk with his father, so he went and seated himself by his mother, and began telling over all the pretty things he had for Fannie — and

he was so much interested in counting them over that he forgot to ask, as he had been doing before every few minutes: "Do you think that we shall see Cape Cod to-night?" But he hears his father speaking to the mate, and he stops in his story, for the answer is: "Yes, sir, I think I can make it out too." And Willie runs to his father's side, "Is it land, father, is it land?" "Yes, Willie, yes, my boy." Now sing out, "Land, oh!" And Willie, springing up on the top of the house, makes the welcome sound ring through the ship. And now the faces of all begin to brighten up, and old clothes, old hats, and shoes, that have done their owners faithful service are soon seen flying over the side of the ship, for the men think they will not encumber their chests with the old duds, and they hope to-morrow to put on the "shore clothes." All the crew are on deck watching the vessels, of which they now begin to see quite a number. And among the

smaller craft is one which the Captain thinks looks like a Boston pilot boat, though it is not often they are to be met with so far out to sea, as this one seems to be. But the pretty little craft is certainly sailing directly for the ship; and the Captain feels sure that now his task is nearly ended.

The pilot boat is quite near the ship, and he hails her and asks if she can give him a pilot, and the same answer is returned that I told you he had at the Sand Heads—"Yes, heave to where you are," and the sails were quickly trimmed, so as to keep the ship from sailing on, and in a few minutes the pilot is on her deck, and all sail made again. The next morning a steamboat, going up the harbor, took the ship in tow, and by 12 o'clock Willie and his parents were once again on shore, and wishing now only to see Fannie and their other dear friends, to be the happiest people in the world!

I might tell you a great deal more. *How*

slowly the cars seemed to go when once they were seated in them! and *how long* the way seemed, when at length they reached the little town, to the house where Fannie was staying with her grand-parents. But *how* thankful to the good God for all his mercies they were? and *how* delighted to see Fannie so much grown, and looking so well and happy, and how many kisses there were to be given, and how many questions asked and answered. I think I must leave you to guess all about that.

CHAPTER XII.

It was but a little while that Willie's father remained at home, but he did not take his family with him when he sailed again, for he had the charge of a new ship, and he knew that there would be much more to demand his care and attention than before; and then, too, he was to go to San Francisco, and from thence across the Pacific Ocean, through the China Sea, to Calcutta, which would be a much longer voyage than the last.

But, perhaps, as you have already heard so much of Willie, you would like to see some of the letters that he and Fannie received from their kind father, written on his passage to San Francisco, before you bid him good bye;

and, if you like, you shall first read the following:

AT SEA,

To Willie,—

I suppose, my dear Willie, that you would like to have a letter of your own from father, and I know you will be pleased to hear about the good ship ******. She is just as large again as the ship you went to sea in, and she carries twenty-three hundred tons of cargo. As she is so large we do not feel the motion of the waves half as much; neither does she lean over, making you feel as if you were going to tip over, as you used to say the good old ***** did. We are loaded very deep, and in light winds she will not sail any faster than our old ship used to, but deep as she is, with a good breeze, just enough to carry royals to, she will go twelve knots an hour on a wind, and the ***** would not do more than that, would she? I expect you would have been quite a

sailor if you had been to sea with me this voyage, for, with a new ship, there is always a great deal of work to be done about the rigging, and everywhere else. I suppose Fannie and most people on shore would say that it was very strange that a new ship should want so much done to her, but you, who have been to sea, could tell them that a ship is built, and sent to sea to be finished. I have made a great many alterations in the appearance of the *****, and you will find her a great deal better looking than when you saw her. I often think what nice frolicks and runs you and Fannie could have upon this ship's deck, and next voyage I think I must have you all, that is, if you have been good and attentive to your studies, and have learned something. You must remember that I told you, if you did not improve a little in your studies that I thought I should have to put you in the forecastle, and make a Jack Tar of you, and let you eat bread

scouse and "salt junk" with the old "shell-back." If you had been with me this time, you could have shown some of them the ropes, for two-thirds of our crew hardly knew the right name or use of a single rope when they left Boston; and you and mother would have had enough to do in fixing medicines for the sick and disabled, for there has not been a day since we left Boston but that from one to eight have been too sick to work.

We have three sheep left yet, and there is one old fellow I have named "Billy," who is a real pet with everybody on board, he is so knowing, tame, and impudent. Sometimes I think I will keep him for next voyage. He will walk the deck with me an half hour or so, and if I have anything in my pockets for him he will try to put his nose in after it; and if I go up on the poop to walk he will try to come up there with me; but he cannot get higher than three steps. He goes around the fore-

castle when the sailors are at their meals, and begs bread scouse, duff and molasses, salt junk, or anything that is going; he puts his fore foot up on their legs, and says, in sheep language, "old fellow, give us a quid," for nothing pleases him so much, as when one of the sailors will give him a piece of tobacco; this he chews with as much satisfaction as any old salt, though he does not make half such dirty work of it as they do. He has evidently been a pet before, and seems to understand everything I tell him. If I say "Billy, drive the other sheep away," he'll turn round with such fury and butt away at them, until they leave the quarter deck, that I know you and Fannie would laugh until you cried, to see them.

I must tell you of our funny Cook. There is a bright red rooster, that is master of all the others, and keeps them all in order, and he always crows regularly when eight bells are struck for four o'clock in the morning, so the

old cook took a great fancy to him, for, said he to himself, "Ah ha! old cock! you are just the boy to wake me up in the morning, in time to get breakfast underweigh;" so he took a half barrel, and put a stick across it for a roost, and put it in his state-room, by the galley; and in the evening he took Dick, as the rooster is called, and put him in his new place, close at the head of his berth. Dick liked these quarters very much, they were so warm, for the weather was quite cold outside, and he could crow away to his heart's content and the cook's too. But he was hardly satisfied, after a night or two, to be alone; so he selected his two favorite wives and called them in, separately, as hens do their chicks, and then he showed them the roost, and, after they got up there, up he jumped, and snuggled down between them. You may be sure the old cook is much attached to his pets when he lets them roost so close to his head; but the funniest part of the story is,

that the mesdame's hen have made a nest lately in one corner of the cook's bed, and there they lay an egg almost every day. I often think that you and the cook would have some funny times if you were here.

This is Sunday evening, and I have thought, as I have been writing, oh! how dearly I should love to be in my old arm chair at home, while dear mother was hearing you and Fannie repeat your pretty hymns and commandments, and then, too, how pleasant it would be to listen to your dear prayers. Don't forget, my dear little boy, to say them when you lay down to sleep, or when you awake; you will always feel happier for it all day long, and, as you grow older, you will find it so, if you only continue the same noble boy you were, and which father and mother expect you to be. It used to make me very happy to think you never spoke a wicked word, or told an untruth! I hope my Willie will never do so, for a person who makes a practice of these sins can never

feel perfectly happy. How much more pleasant it is to acknowledge a fault and be forgiven for it, than to try to conceal it and dread being found out. Beside its wickedness; it is not merely to tell lies — father never does — and, therefore, I am never afraid of contradicting myself, or of having any trouble in telling a straight story. Then, every one loves a truthful person, for they feel sure that what he says can be believed. I hope you take good care of Fannie, and that you do not play with bad boys, or stay out longer than mother is willing. I want you to learn when father is away to be dear sister's protector, and to watch over her and love her as you do your life, and keep her, as well as yourself, from all evil ways.

Now, Willie, will you be able to read this letter? I hardly think you can yet, but mother will read it for you, and you can keep it until you can read writing as well as printing.

Good night, my dear boy! — receive the blessing of your affectionate FATHER.

To Fannie:—

I wish I could find words, my darling child, to make you realize how dear you are to your father's heart, and how much I think of you while I am away. Oh, how dearly I should love to feel your soft arms around my neck, while your sweet lips were almost smothering me with kisses sweeter than "*cherry ripe*," as you used to do when I came from Boston, after having been there all day. I wonder if you think as much of me as I do of you and our dear Willie boy? Both you, and he, I know, remember me in your prayers every night and morning, and it makes me very happy to feel sure of this, because I know you are so earnest in your prayers that it seems as if God would certainly hear and answer them, and grant what you pray for, if you are the good children I hope you ever will be. Don't forget, my dear little daughter, when you are praying to Him, for me, to ask that you and dear Willie

may be kept from all kinds of sin. You are now old enough, my darling, to know right from wrong, and I want you to keep a strict guard upon all your daily actions, and, if at any time, you have an inclination to do anything which you feel and know to be wrong; drive the thought from you, and resolve that you will not do what your conscience forbids, even if by so doing you may seem to be sacrificing a great deal of happiness.

When you get this letter I suppose there will be snow upon the ground, and you and Willie will be having grand slides upon your sleds, and you will have a chance to make a snow man in the garden. Now, dear Fannie, should you like to have me tell you a story? I think I can almost hear you say "yes, oh do please, father;" so I'll begin a *true* one.

Well, when I was a boy, we used to cut large cakes of snow, when it was deep, and make snow houses, by piling them up, one on

top the other, on four sides, leaving a hole in one side for a door, and then we would place boards over the top, and cover them all over with snow, so that they were quite warm, when the piece of board that we used for a door was put up. These houses were large enough to hold five or six boys, and we had holes cut in the sides of the house to let the light in. For seats, we would saw some blocks from the round sticks of wood in the barn. Then we would make some snow balls, and go in to our house and play they were winter apples, and eat away just as if they had been, oh! it was capital fun. Sometimes when we had been real good boys, grandma would let us have that cunning little table that you have now to set your little china tea cups on, and she would give us some real apples, and some nice ginger-bread and pie, and then we would have a grand dinner. We used to ask some other boys to come in to play with us, but took care

only to ask those who were good and well behaved. One day when we were all as merry as could be, grandpapa came to our snow house in the garden, and said, "Boys, to-morrow is Christmas day. Should you like to carry some of the mutton I have bought and got ready, to some poor, hungry people? So we dropped our apples and gingerbread, and jumped up in a second, and each of us took two quarters of mutton a piece, and carried one to each of the poor old ladies whom grandpapa never forgot when Christmas came round, and then came back for more, until we had distributed the six sheep that were ready for us. This made us feel very happy, more so, I think, than the fun in the snow-house. For these old people seemed to feel as happy to think that they were *remembered*, as to get a piece of meat, which perhaps they had not tasted for some time. And it was so pleasant to hear them say, "God bless you, my dear children, I hope

you will each grow up as good a man as your father is, to send us this Christmas gift."

I think already my dear little Fannie knows a little of the pleasure one feels in giving to the poor. I hope so, at least.

Do you remember, when you were a little cunning girl, the story you used to ask for so often, and liked to hear above any other? It was about the two little girls who were playing, when a poor old man came by, and one of the little girls ran to him, and gave him more than half of her gingerbread, but the other, — a selfish little thing, — would not give him even *one* of the rosy apples that were in her apron, but eat so many herself that she became quite ill; and then a lady, who had seen all that passed, was so much pleased with the generous child, that she sent her a beautiful doll that would open and shut its eyes. This was a famous story to you. But I want you now to learn that it is not only to get a reward, or

praise from others, that one should be generous, but for the sake of doing good and helping those who need your aid.

Did you make those pretty book-marks for me that I found in one of my books? I thought you must have made them, and I kissed them for your dear sake, and said to myself, "I do and ever will love you, and may my darling little daughter never experience aught but a life of love. The mottos on these book-marks are "Love me," and a "Life of Love." I long to get to San Francisco, for there I hope to have a nice long note from you. I often read the last one you wrote me, and I pray God to bless the little hand that guided the pen, and the little heart that loves me so well. I want you, my darling, to feel that you can come close to my heart and let me share with you all of joy or trouble that you may know; for be assured that there can be no one, in the wide world, so ready to sympathize with you as your dear father.

I expect, by the time I get home, that I shall have a pattern daughter. Remember to apply yourself diligently to your studies and improve your time now, my darling.

I love to think what a comfort and blessing you can be to your mother while I am away. Try to help her keep Willie from all evil ways; and also endeavor yourself to be what we both so earnestly wish to see you, — good and happy; and then I shall be the happiest father in the world. And that God may bless you, my dear, dear daughter, prays ever your loving

FATHER.

30 1987

Acme
Bookbinding Co., Inc.
100 Cambridge St.
Charlestown, MA 02129

PS1739.G4W7
Willies voyage to India :
Andover-Harvard 000074636
3 2044 077 901 114